

*Worc.* The number of the King exceedeth ours:  
For Gods sake, Cousin, stay till all come in.

*The Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter Sir  
Walter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from the King,  
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

*Hotsp.* Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt*:  
And would to God you were of our determination.  
Some of vs love you well: and euen those some  
Enuie your great desertings, and good name,  
Because you are not of our qualitie,  
But stand against vs like an Enemy.

*Blunt.* And Heauen defend, but still I should stand so,  
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,  
You stand against anoynted Maiestie,  
But to my Charge.

The King hath sent to know  
The nature of your Griefes, and whereupon  
You conitire from the Brest of Ciuill Peace,  
Such bold Hostilitie, teaching his dautious Land  
Audacious Crueltie. If that the King  
Haue any way your good Deserts forgot,  
Which he confesseth to be manifold,  
He bids you name your Griefes, and with all speed  
You shall haue your desires, with interest:  
And Pardon absolute for your selfe, and these,  
Herein mis-led, by your suggestion.

*Hotsp.* The King is kinde:  
And well wee know, the King  
Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay.  
My Father, my Vnckle, and my selfe,  
Did giue him that same Royaltie he weares:  
And when he was not fixe and twentie strong,  
Sicke in the Worlds regard, wretched, and low,  
A poore vgminded Out-law, sneaking home,  
My Father gaue him welcome to the shore:  
And when he heard him sweare, and vow to God,  
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,  
To sue his Liacrie, and begge his Peace,  
With teares of Innocencie, and tearmes of Zeale;  
My Father, in kinde heart and pittie mou'd,  
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.  
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme  
Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,  
The more and lesse came in with Cap and Knee,  
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,  
Attended him on Bridges, stood in Laues,  
Layd Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oathes,  
Gaue him their Heires, as Pages followed him,  
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes.  
He presently, as Greatnesse knowes it selfe,  
Steps me a little higher then his Vow  
Made to my Father, while his blood was poore,  
Vpon the naked shore at Rauenspurgh:  
And now (forsooth) takes on him to reforme  
Some certaine Edicts, and some strait Decrees,  
That lay too heauie on the Common-wealth;  
Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe  
Ouer his Countries Wrongs: and by this Face,  
This seeming Brow of Iustice, did he winne  
The hearts of all that hee did angle for.  
Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads  
Of all the Favourites, that the absent King  
In deputation left behinde him heere,

When hee was personall in the Irish Warre.

*Blunt.* Tut, I came not to heare this.

*Hotsp.* Then to the point.

In short time after, hee depos'd the King,  
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his Life:  
And in the neck of that, task't the whole State.  
To make that worse, suffer'd his Kinsman *March*,  
Who is, if euery Owner were plac'd,  
Indeede his King, to be engag'd in Wales,  
There, without Ransome, to lye forfeited:  
Disgrac'd me in my happie Victories,  
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,  
Rated my Vnckle from the Councell-Boord,  
In rage dismis'd my Father from the Court,  
Broke Oath on Oath, committed Wrong on Wrong,  
And in conclusion, droue vs to seeke our  
This Head of safetie; and withall, to prie  
Into his Title: the which wee finde  
Too indirect, for long continuance.

*Blunt.* Shall I returne this answer to the King?

*Hotsp.* Not so, Sir *Walter*.

Wee'll with-draw a while:  
Goe to the King, and let there be impawn'd  
Some suretie for a safe returne againe,  
And in the Morning early shall my Vnckle  
Bring him our purpose: and so farewell.

*Blunt.* I would you would accept of Grace and Loue.

*Hotsp.* And't may be, so wee shall.

*Blunt.* Pray Heauen you doe. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Quarta.

*Enter the Arch-Bishop of Yorke, and Sir Michell.*

*Arch.* Hie, good Sir *Michell*, beare this sealed Briefe  
With winged haster to the Lord Marshall,  
This to my Cousin *Scroope*, and all the rest  
To whom they are directed.  
If you knew how much they doe import,  
You would make haste.

*Sir Mich.* My good Lord, I guesse their tenor.

*Arch.* Like enough you doe.

To morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a day,  
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men  
Must bide the touch. For Sir, at Shrewsbury,  
As I am truly giuen to vnderstand,  
The King, with mightie and quick-rayed Power,  
Meetes with Lord *Harry*: and I feare, Sir *Michell*,  
What with the sicknesse of *Northumberland*,  
Whose Power was in the first proportion;  
And what with *Owen Glendowers* absence thence,  
Who with them was rated firmly too,  
And comes not in, ouer-rul'd by Prophecies,  
I feare the Power of *Percy* is too weake,  
To wage an instant tryall with the King.

*Sir Mich.* Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,  
There is *Douglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*.

*Arch.* No, *Mortimer* is not there.

*Sir Mich.* But there is *Mordake*, *Pernon*, Lord *Harry Percy*,  
And there is my Lord of Worcester,  
And a Head of gallant Warriors,  
Noble Gentlemen.

*Arch.* And

*Arch.* And so there is, but yet the King hath drawne  
The speciall head of all the Land together:  
The Prince of Wales, Lord *John* of Lancaster,  
The Noble Westmerland, and watlike *Blunt*;  
And many moe Courtiuals, and deare men  
Of estimation, and command in Armes.

*Sir M.* Doubt not my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd  
And to prevent the worst, Sir *Michell* speed;

*Arch.* I hope no lesse? Yet needfull 'tis to feare,  
For if Lord *Percy* thirue not, ere the King  
Dismishe his power, he meanes to visit vs:  
For he hath heard of our Confederacie,  
And 'tis but Wisedome to make strong against him:  
Therefore make hast, I must go write againe  
To other Friends: and so farewell, Sir *Michell*. *Exeunt.*

### Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,  
Earle of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt,  
and Edliffe.*

*King.* How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere  
Abooue yon busky hill: the day lookes pale  
At his distemperature.

*Prin.* The Southerne winde  
Doth play the Trumpet to his purposes,  
And by his hollow whistling in the Leaues,  
Fortels a Tempest, and a blust'ring day.

*King.* Then with the losers let it sympathize,  
For nothing can seeme foule to those that win.

*The Trumpet sounds.*

*Enter Worcester.*

*King.* How now my Lord of Worcester? 'Tis not well  
That you and I should meet vpon such tearmes,  
As now we meet. You haue deceiu'd our trust,  
And made vs doffe our easie Robes of Peace,  
To crush our old limbes in vngentle Steele:  
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.  
What say you to it? Will you againe vnknit  
This churlish knot of all-abhorred Warre?  
And moue in that obedient Orbe againe,  
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,  
And be no more an exhall'd Meteor;  
A prodigie of Feare, and a Portent  
Of broached Mischiefe, to the vnborne Times?

*Wor.* Heare me, my Liege:  
For mine owne part, I could be well content  
To entertaine the Lagge-end of my life  
With quiet houres: For I do protest,  
I haue not fought the day of this dislike.

*King.* You haue not fought it: how comes it then?

*Fal.* Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

*Prin.* Peace, Chewet, peace.

*Wor.* It pleas'd your Maiesty, to turne your lookes

Of Fauour, from my Selfe, and all our House;

And yet I must remember you my Lord,

We were the first, and dearest of your Friends:

For you, my Staffe of Office did I breake

In *Richards* time, and posted day and night

To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,

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